

# POP SHEET CUT



Number 8  
SUMMER 1968  
35 cents





# STOP BY

## And Fill Up The Old Think Tank

We carry one of the largest selections of literary & political journals, reviews and periodicals in the country. As well as a wide range of papers, paperbacks, softcovers and the latest hard cover best sellers.

Open 7 days a week to 11 p.m.

**INTERNATIONAL NEWS**

Tel. 937-0474

**2187 St.Catherine St.W.**

(Between the Forum & Seville theatre)

# POPSEECUL

Number 8

Summer 1968

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Rambling (by Jorn Reissner) .....               | 4  |
| Tim Hardin is in Town .....                     | 6  |
| Songs by Jesse Winchester .....                 | 12 |
| Etching (by Stansje Plantenga) .....            | 16 |
| Untitled (by Andrew Cowan) .....                | 18 |
| Poem (by Kay Brainin) .....                     | 20 |
| Through No Other Door (by Juan Rodriguez) ..... | 21 |

Cover by Stansje Plantenga. Photographs of Tim Hardin by Jorn Reissner.

EDITOR: Juan Rodriguez. ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Andrew Cowan.

Pop-See-Cul is published at 4129 Blvd. de Maisonneuve, Apt.#5, Westmount, Montreal, Quebec, Canada. 514 - 933-1426.

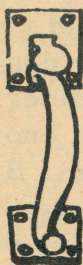
All unsolicited material should be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope to ensure return. The editors will take reasonable care, but cannot be responsible for lost manuscripts. We welcome your comments and criticisms.



# The Yellow Door

COFFEE  
HOUSE

*folk music nightly*



**WE  
TRY  
HARDER**

**3625 AYLME  
MONTREAL  
842-1156**



Poster: "Pablo Picasso"  
35" x 45" High Contrast Silkscreen.  
\$1.48

**the  
purple  
unknown**

Poster Art Boutique  
2145 Fleury Street  
(below Sherbrooke)  
849-6872



# Rambling.

I read an ad the other day: "JAMES JOYCE IS NOT DEAD+HE IS LIVING IN MONTREAL UNDER THE NAME OF LEONARD COHEN! (or something like that). Well, James Joyce is dead all right, but as far as I'm concerned, so is Leonard Cohen. He has yet to impress me-with one exception; I like the words to "Suzanne". There is a nice melody hidden somewhere in the song, but his one-note voice can't bring it out. Judy Collins' version of the song is absolutely AWFUL. A year ago I heard Chaim Tannenbaum sing it, and that was the only time I really liked the song. (As far as I can remember, the Stormy Clovers did a good version of it too).

Leonard Cohen's intellect gets on my nerves. I'm convinced he can't dance or doesn't even feel like really letting himself go. With Dylan at least you have both sides: quiet, introspective, honest songs, and always a sprinkling of rock'n'roll because it makes him, and you, feel so good, and that's one of the main things about music: it can make you feel so good-no strings attached. If you've listened to Chuck Berry or Smokey Robinson, then you'll know what I mean. It makes you think twice to

realize that Bob Dylan called Smokey Robinson, "America's greatest living poet". I can only second that emotion, because if the medium is the message, then he really hits home. Leonard Cohen, Arlo Guthrie, Tom Rush, Judy Collins, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Joni Mitchell, Ritchie Havens, Janis Ian-if I was fifteen and just learning to play guitar, they would probably impress me, but as it is, they don't. They comprise a blob of mediocrity which can blur your vision well enough so you can't see beyond them. But maybe you really dig these people. In that case, who am I to say you're wrong? It's useless arguing about things like this because to get anywhere, we'd need an absolute standard on quality, and if there was one, I wouldn't be writing this article.

-what I'm doing, in effect, is dividing musicians into good and bad. It might not be the friendliest thing to do, but when you get right down to it you can't help but admit that Ritchie Havens is mediocre at best, and Otis Redding is nothing less than great-his new album, "Dock of the Bay", is really good. Booker T. & The M.G's (his backup group) are undoubtedly one of the best bands anywhere. Up until a short while ago, I was totally



oblivious to them. I knew them only through "Green Onions" and frankly, I thought they had died out in the early '60's. I've come to realize, though, that they are one of the cleanest, tightest, most intelligent bands anywhere. And speaking as a guitarist, I can only say that Steve Cropper is as good as they come-ask Mike Bloomfield(tell him JR sent you)-and that's saying something, because he doesn't pull psychedelic freakies, he's just plain good. He's really at one with his guitar. If you like their kind of funk, then check into "Back to Back"(Booker T. & the M.G's and the Mar-Keys). It's a very good live recording, the kind that really makes you wanna dance.

-if you don't want to dance, run down to the Esquire Show Bar and watch the gogo girls.

-if you don't feel like doing that, go to the New Penelope and listen to the jukebox(the best in town).

-if that's no good either, stay at home and listen to the Temptations - they may just make you feel good.

Have you heard Jesse Winchester? He's very good. He's appeared at the New Penelope as an alternating act with the Peanut Butter Conspiracy, the Rabble, and Louise Forrester. Poor Jesse.

-Jorn Reissner

## **Announce ment.**

International Graphic Arts takes great pleasure in announcing the formation of a new Head Shop, located at 173 St. Paul Street West in the heart of old Montreal. (Telephone 288-2048.) Posters and others good are also on sale.

the management  
International Graphic Arts



# Tim Hardin is in Town.

They call me long tall Timmy  
And I know what love's about....  
If my baby leaves me  
Old Timmy ain't gonna do without.

The first thing that surprised me about Tim Hardin was that he wasn't long, tall Timmy at all—he's a short, almost dumpy character who seems a perfect cross between Rod Steiger and Ernest Hemingway. Tim Hardin also looked as if he was a physical wreck. His face glowed a soft red—perhaps he had a fever?—and he had sweaty palms. He also had this asthmatic condition—he sneezed, sniffled, and snorted. And coughed. A tight little, alarmingly unhealthy smokers' cough.

This is all a far cry from the appearance that the Legend of Tim Hardin evokes. After all, this is THE Tim Hardin, second only to Bob Dylan as possibly the finest songwriter of his generation. And for a small man, his legend has certainly left enough watermarks. He is a near descendent

of John Wesley Hardin, the famous gunslinger of the '80's. Back when "folk-rock" was just being hatched, a piece of graffiti announced on a Greenwich Village wall, "Tim Hardin is a bad boy." Indeed, he is an elusive fellow who has made more than his share of surprise appearances and disappearances. He was practically impossible to book into clubs because of a notorious ability to skip town quickly. He would walk on stage, sing maybe one or two numbers, then walk off and never return. Tim Hardin was known as a liability when he shunned New York City for the open spaces of Arizona and California. In the meantime, during the two years, he has managed to release two near-perfect albums. The records are absolutely classic gems, and yet Tim Hardin is often talked about as the author of the shortest disc in memory—his second one, which is barely nineteen minutes in length. And, of course, he is known as the man who fashioned Bobby Darin's comeback from oblivion. The man who once recorded, "Splish, Splash" heard a tape of



Hardin singing his "If I Were A Carpenter" and put out a passable enough carbon copy of the song. It was Darin's first top ten song in years. Now Darin seems to have faded again, and Hardin is fashioning his own kind of comeback.

Tim Hardin was about to start a week-long engagement at the New Penelope in Montreal, a rehearsal of sorts, prior to a series of one-night concerts. He had not played a club date in more than a year.

Opening night proved to be one of the biggest social evenings in a long while. Anyone and everyone who considered himself to be of importance made a point of showing up. The anticipation-half feigned, half real-was shrouded in idle chatter. The latest in clothes, records, and police brutality was bantered about like ping pong balls. The mafia of hippiedom struggled with teenieboppers and collegiates in an effort to secure choice seats. Young men sporting drooping moustaches and bell-bottomed pants stared cobly at their sad-eyed ladies of the lowlands. A small cluster of suburbanites fraternized under a cloud of Aqua Velva and Revlon. Next to them, a couple of scraggly gentlemen traded copies of some underground papers each had been able to unearth.

There were excuses for being there, however. They had come to see, test, and mold a legend. The dope on Tim Hardin flowed as thickly and predictably as wet cement. Tim had been missing from the beloved scene for quite a long time. (He had made his first New York concert in nine months only three weeks previous). Everyone had his own version of where he had been, what he had been doing, and why he had vanished. The predominant opinion was that Timmy had been sick (this feeling came into being via the original story that Timmy was, in fact, dead.) Some said that he

had been put away, others maintained that he had tried to commit suicide, still more suggested that he had broken his leg. They all agreed, however, that he HAD definitely been sick. Of this there was no doubt. Thus, an added suspense was evident. It was not unlike the feeling one gets while following the progress of a patient who has just been released from a mental hospital. One loves to watch yet not come too near.

(A typical Tim Hardin tale: A young man tells of a time when he was in New York to see Hardin perform at a club. As the young man was wasting the time away prior to the first set, Hardin, wearing dark glasses and holding a hat upside-down in his hand, approached him and asked, "Could you spare a dime for the blind?" "You're not blind," the young man answered, "you're Tim Hardin." Still, Hardin persisted. "Can you give a guy a break?" Same reply. Hardin left to do his show. As he was nearing the end of his first number, Hardin spied the young man in the audience, stopped singing and walked off the stage. He left town that same night.)

Throughout the thick fog of carnival clothing and calliope chatter, Tim Hardin stood in the background, quietly dancing to "Judy in Disguise" by John Fred and the Playboys.

Here I am back home again  
I'm here to rest.

All they ask is where I've been,  
Knowing I've been West.

His first performance was sensational. Hardin snapped the tension abruptly by dousing his audience with delicate measures of dash, flair, and style. He mesmerized them. His listeners were filled with the feeling that their expectations were correct, exact, and right; this, coupled with the surprise of hearing totally unexpected, but pleasant things, contributed to their ecstasy. And Hardin



knew it. His voice rang with melancholia it was as smooth as a shiny linoleum floor. During his slow sad numbers, he swayed gently. He closed his eyes. He tapped his foot to the soft beat. "I speak like a child, I look like a child/Through dancing eyes...." Not only was his audience in a trance, but so was Hardin and his band. His pianist followed the music with his eyes, as if Walt Disney had planted some dancing notes before him. The band simply followed Hardin, adding a few extras of their own here and there, a few flourishes on the vibraphone here, some fancy drumming there. On uptempo numbers a different mood was evoked. The music was louder and the stage jumped. There was a gleam in Hardin's eyes; they literally burned from their sockets. In the middle of "Danville Girl" - which was sung in almost scat-like phrasing - beads of sweat poured over Hardin's face and beard as if they emanated from a trough buried within his hair. "Danville Girl" is a terrific song. Hardin and his band do not merely perform it, they are the song. Hardin shakes, hollers, jives, grooves (forgive the parlance, but it's appropriate) to his music. He plays with his lyrics, bending them to fit the shape of his mouth, fitting each syllable, like letters in a crossword puzzle, into his rhythms. It was this marvellous private tactility - yes, the audience could tap their feet and click fingers and bob heads, they could almost embrace Hardin's music outright, but still had to remain very far away, they could not come near if they tried - that thrilled the audience and prompted the people into waves of applause, then, suddenly - after about twenty-five or thirty minutes of music - Tim Hardin slung off his guitar, bowed to the audience and walked off. All was quiet for about two seconds, and then more applause, the kind that exuded sounds

of "more, more". A rhythmic handclap began to develop, then quickly faded away when it became apparent that Tim Hardin was not about to do encores.

When Hardin went back to his dressing room, he found Gordon Lightfoot waiting for him.

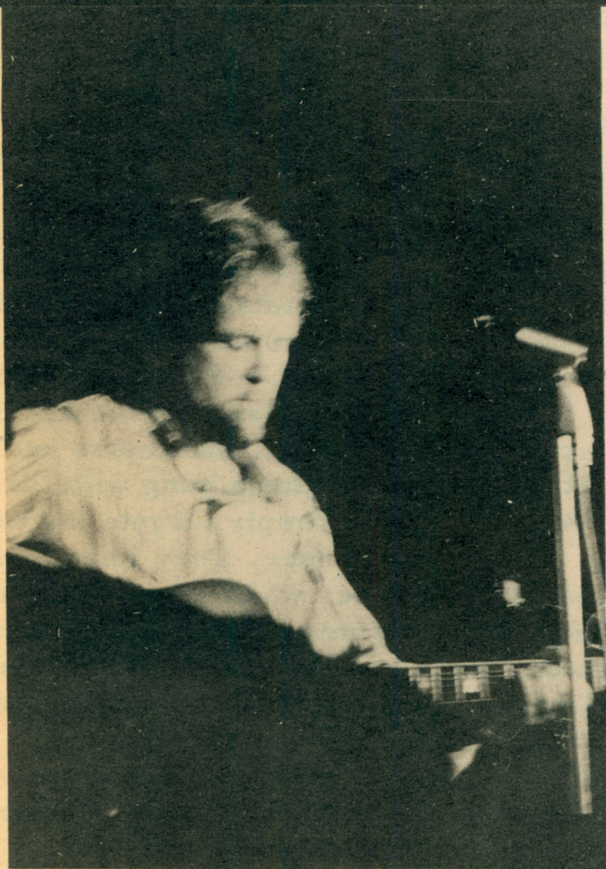
#### THE MEETING

The dressing room was filled with people; those who couldn't get in pushed and milled around the open door. Some flung various parts of their anatomy at Hardin, others stuck their hands out. There were a few who offered him things - not unlike those free samples you are invariably offered in big food stores. It was noisy. One mustachioed young man approached, "Oh, he was great, just great, wasn't he? Of course that comes as no surprise ... I'm his number one fan." Two girls stood straight-jacketed in tight mini-dresses, long earrings hanging from the lobes and wearing their hair like bathing caps; they stood wide-eyed, more wide-eyed than even they had expected.

Gordon Lightfoot stepped from the interior of the room to its entrance, where Tim was sandwiched between an awful lot of lettuce. Gordon Lightfoot - the definitive Canadian folk-rock-country & westerner-songwriter-singer - composer of "Early Morning Rain", "For Lovin' Me" and, a recent hit, "Black Day in July", a cash-in on the race riots. Gordon was a big success in Canada because he sold well across the border. You could tell by the way he dressed. Fringed Western jacket, bandana, stretch-pants, cowboy boots - clearly Gordon took no chances. Someone in a black suit and tie introduced Gordon to Tim. Gordon Lightfoot Meets Tim Hardin. Another man directed Tim's eyes to Gordon Lightfoot. Gordon's eyes lit up.

"Hi. I'm Gordon Lightfoot." He stuck out his hand. "I really enjoyed your show very much."







"Thank you."

"Uh, I'm the guy who wrote Black Day in July."

"Oh, you're the guy who wrote that thing, eh", Tim replied with that you-must-be-kidding- put-downish smile on his face.

"Yeah, that was me alright."

Gordon's face was flushed. He appeared embarrassed. Everyone looked embarrassed, except Tim Hardin, that is, who was no doubt wondering when he could be released from this mob. The meeting was a flop. Gordon Lightfoot and aides left in a hurry.

A few minutes later, Hardin, sweating profusely, slipped on a jacket and bounded out quickly.

The twenty-two songs Tim Hardin has recorded for Verve-Folkways comprise a collection that is quite unique in contemporary American music. He lacks the charismatic, prophetic - even poetic - qualities of Dylan, and his style is removed from the Dylan-imitators and inheritors, who make up almost all of the rest of the song scene. He is a jazz singer. He sings perhaps in the style of Billie Holliday, but, to my mind, he is more of an Americanized male Edith Piaf. Those twenty-two songs are perfect songs, they are ever-enduring, and no matter how slick they are, they will somehow never wilt. His songs demand total loyalty and faith, and that is the way he songs them ...

Listen to your heart for my reflection  
Do your eyes stay with me when I say  
goodbye?

Listen to my changes in direction  
Follow me feeling the same as I.  
I hope you feel the way I do,  
I hope you feel my love in you  
When he sings, it is as if he were saying,  
"This is Tim Hardin singing, and if you  
don't like me the way I am, then leave."

Don't believe me if you're not convinced  
of me

Please come back along the changing  
sky

Everytime you give yourself not  
loving me

You upset the grace of living when  
you lie.

Consequently, it is impossible to expect the same level of excellence in a week's worth of performances. His shows, when compared side to side, were erratic and strange. First, there is the fact that Tim Hardin is all doped up. There are rumours that Hardin was a close friend of Lenny Bruce's, in the last months before the latter's death. His Song to Lenny is murky and melodramatic; it's intonations conjure up evocations of what a burlesque dump (or any dump) would feel like after a show. Hardin's piano playing in this song is dark and furious, heavily drenched with the blues. The music could easily be an assemblage of the scores to all those B gangster movies, and yet it is string together with a serious classical formality. The words are barely audible...

"The gypsy queen ... how did she know he needed morphine ... ?"

The crowd is fully aware of Hardin's reputation as a junkie. There are knowing titters when he begins a song with the wrong verse, or simply forgets the words to a short two-verser. They whisper in near-frantic tones when Tim Hardin hums and indents his music with vocal sounds. "Man, these two guys are really stoned!", almost a shout of glee, as Tim Hardin and his pianist fix their eyes on each-other, trying to weave a motif into a particular piece. At times, he retaliated by finishing his set early or he would taunt his audience as they yelled for more. Hardin conducted a love-hate relationship with his audience. At times it seemed as if he loathed that mob. When he sang his eulogy to Hank Williams he emphasized the line, "Hardly nobody knew that night Hank Williams was dying" with a pointed bitterness. Then



again, there were instances when he either ignored his listeners or actually played for them. There were no "thank-you's" or glad-to-be-here's, no rehearsed patter. He just sang. At times badly, at times beautifully. Somehow always fascinating.

(There was always something strangely compelling about Tim Hardin, when, at the end of each set, he would go up to the lip of the stage, raise the palms of his hands outward, up near his shoulders, guru-like, make a curt half-bow and then bounce off into the darkness on the balls of his feet, like some little man playing big.)

There is perhaps a suitable postscript to this piece. After a week of Tim Hardin, I was left with the impression that here was a man who sang from the heart, who shared - for better or for worse - all the elements of himself with audiences one shouldn't really trust with such matters. And above all, I was left with the odd feeling that come this time next year Tim Hardin might well have disappeared from the face of the earth.

- Juan Rodriguez

MORGAN'S

It is not so  
difficult  
to find  
a place  
that sells  
original  
JEWELLERY  
these  
days.

EATON'S



**basket  
boutique**

628 Maisonneuve W.  
844 - 1691



# Songs by Jesse Winchester.

## Yankee Lady

I lived with the decent folks  
In the hills of old Vermont  
Where what you do all day  
Depends on what you want  
I took up with a woman there  
Though I was still a kid  
And I smile like the sun to think of  
The lovin that we did -  
She rose each morning and went to work  
And she kept me with her pay  
I was making love all night  
And playing guitar all day  
I got apple cider and homemade bread  
To make a man say grace  
Clean linens on my bed  
And a warm-feet fireplace -

Chorus: Yankee lady so good to me  
Yankee Lady just a memory  
Yankee Lady so good to me  
Your memory is good enough for me -

An autumn walk on a country road  
A million flaming trees  
I was feeling uneasy  
'Cause there was winter in the breeze  
She cried - O Jesse look over there  
The birds are southward bound  
O Jesse I'm so afraid  
To lose the love we've found -

Chorus:

I don't know what called to me  
But I know I had to go  
I left that Vermont town  
With a lift to Mexico  
And now when I see myself  
As a stranger by my birth  
The Yankee Lady's memory  
Reminds me of my worth

Chorus:

©Jesse Winchester



## Black Dog

The black dog up and sniffed the plate  
Steamin on the stove  
The kids ain't seen you home all day  
You're a gentleman born to rove -

Chorus: Black dog don't believe in sin  
Think of where my black dog's been  
Think of where he's been today -

Have you seen my black dog's teeth  
Sharp like a knife?  
Have you seen them tear upon a throat  
To take a life? (Chorus)

Have you seen the black dog's eyes  
Staring in the fire?  
It would not occur to him  
To question your desire - (Chorus)

Always had a fear of creatures crying in  
The dark  
And every form of evil seems to  
Bear an evil mark - (Chorus)

My woman lays beside me  
And the black dog's at my feet  
She keeps me from my wandering life and  
He robs me of my sleep - (Chorus)

I don't know the black dog's name  
And when I call him he don't come  
How'd I ever get that black dog, Lord  
I never wanted one - (Chorus)

©Jesse Winchester



Tamillitchka

There is still some light in our darkened room  
From a sleepless yellow streetlamp  
And beams from passing cars run cross the ceiling  
And I can watch her sleeping her naked sleep  
Living softness and shadows  
And love and lust and strength become one feeling -

Chorus: I sometimes have to laugh in her arms  
I am not afraid to cry in her arms  
Or be weak when I'm weak  
Or be proud when I am strong  
And when I die let me die in her arms -  
I can look into her eyes and smile and smile  
I can smile I can smile praise God I can smile -

What it is she brings to the bed that we share?  
Elemental female something  
A wisdom that draws weeping to its breast  
And the words she says are as real as flesh  
And her friendship is not cunning  
And she never treats lovemaking like a test -

Chorus:

©Jesse Winchester



## Pretty Lily

Pretty Lily your lemonade sure tastes sweet to me  
Tell me what it was that made you leave your home with me -  
You left your home with me -

I had to learn to love the fires and to learn to love the rain  
I'll build my cathedral spire of my pleasures and my pain -  
My pleasure and my pain -

Chorus: What doesn't destroy me  
Must surely make me stronger  
But Lily I'd rather shoot myself  
Than be this bored much longer -

My eyes are fixed upon the moon cold and bright above the trees  
The beating of my very own heart gives a rhythm to the breeze -  
A little rhythm for the breeze -

I'm courting lunacy in this watch that I do keep  
But I was promised a miracle before I fell asleep -  
But I went and fell asleep -

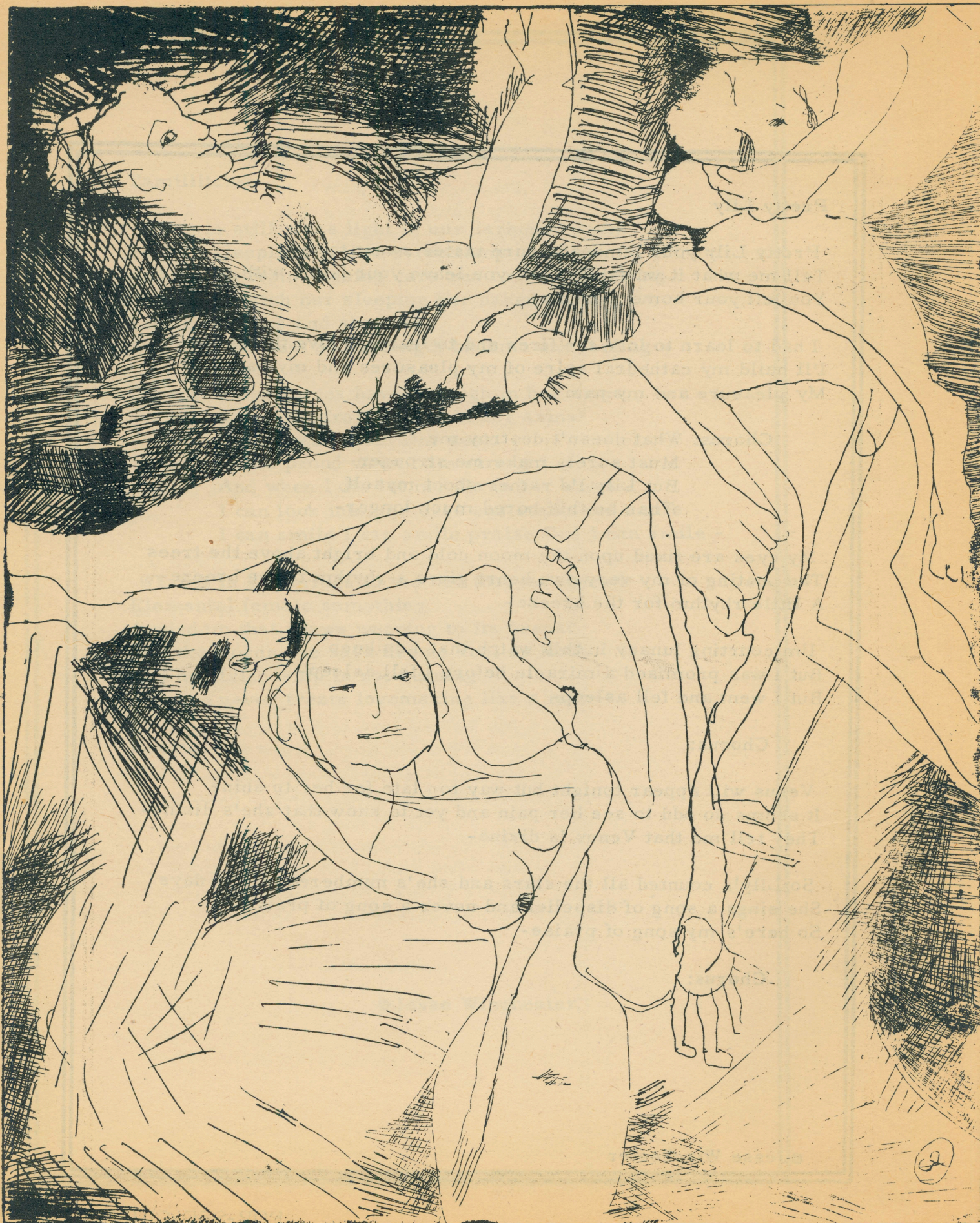
Chorus:

Venus will appear tonight but way too late for her to shine  
It seems so odd to see her pain and yet to know that she's divine -  
They tell me that Venus is divine -

So Lily's counted all the stars and she's numbered all the days  
She sings a song of disbelief and never a song of praise -  
So here's my song of praise -

Chorus:







I Feel Good ( Payday Song )

Let's go out on the town tonight  
My pockets are heavy with loot  
And get drunk and nasty  
And loud and aggressive to boot  
I've been living from hand to mouth  
For what must be three or four weeks  
And I can tell you one thing, Jack  
You listen when your stomach speaks -

Chorus: I feel good - hell I knew I would  
'Cause I took a little touch of scotch before I came to play  
And I smile so sweet  
At every pretty girl I meet  
And some fools'll try to tell you it's a sin to feel this way -

I got this long-legged gal  
Gonna help me spend my dough  
Her heart's as big as your momma's stove  
Body like Brigitte Bardot  
I'm all ready for some rock n roll  
With the guitars up real loud  
And some fancy footwork  
In a low-down boozed-up crowd -

Chorus: I feel good - hell I knew I would  
'Cause I took a little taste of scotch before I left the house today  
And I smile so sweet  
At every pretty girl I meet  
And some fools'll try to tell you it's a sin to feel this way -  
It feels so funny having all this money today  
I feel like dancing the night away -  
I feel like dancing the night away -  
I feel like dancing the night away -

©Jesse Winchester



The days came and went by and the weekends and he was already inside the time of his life which contains the keen look, the look which keeps eyes open even during sleep, which looks at every thing and every moment. Every moment brought measures of certainty and doubt, which he had also learned to welcome, and most of all, a thing beyond either of these which he knew he could never name. A confusion and sickness which made every passing day so long and with that length, the feeling of a lengthier loss.

The only times he could find peace was when he made as if to believe that this feeling was a feeling like hate-it felt like a hate which made him sick but unable to vomit. It hugged him and he felt he was crushing it in his arms, too. He had had a dream in which he lived inside a piece of wood. It wasn't like he lived in the wood and if he left, there would be a hole shaped like him left behind. With the crazy illogic of a dream, he lived in the wood. The wood was solid, he was solid. They both occupied the same space. If he waved his arms, he could not feel it, yet it held him. These things gave him peace because he could place them in front of him and name them. They were also the things which made him feel most without hope, because naming them was not enough to encircle them. Anyway he had decided that it was his fate to answer his

questions with questions and the questions following those-it was like asking someone why and why and why until they just answered that they didn't know and besides it didn't matter at that point.

He hated himself for never being satisfied with the most final-looking answers, even with the coolest-looking endings to endless, isolated scenes and he wondered how he could live without knowing of one truth which would always stand with him. This day he was out walking in the south of town far from his home. His feet were tired and they made him even more silent. He passed maybe thirty shops on one side of one street which all sold nearly the same merchandise at identical prices and he wondered who supported them all so fairly, that they could all coexist without having one thing to recommend any of them. He figured it was like throwing the dice a million times and having seven, six, and eight come up more often than two or twelve-that if enough customers were sprinkled on the street and given enough time, each store would do an equal amount of business. He thought it would be funny and clever if they all belonged to one guy. He would buy them all and leave them as they were, only going from store to store collecting the bits of money for his one central pot. It was silly.

He heard the bells and walked down to the edge of the water and looked at



some boats but they didn't mean anything to him. He asked what had happened to him that his family, whom he still knew, and his past, had so little effect on his moods, on his loves. He had retained no stubborn or stupid love of anything-he had long ago refused to recognize his sense of unreason and his momentary opinions were all boringly precise and consistent. They blended quietly behind him. He felt like two people. His own opinions coincided perfectly with the opinions of someone with whom he could agree. He knew that each time an opinion slipped easily into his files, it was like another corpse marching in throwing itself on the heap, burying his future. There were things he admired. People. Events. He felt ready to accept and love a stranger should his instinct command it. He wanted to be admired, but analysing peoples' admirable characteristics and deeds was inadequate because they ended up being their own definition. You couldn't say so and so was great because he did this and this, You could only say that he did these things and only he, he was great. That was no help. It made him laugh to think that he wanted greatness but considered it limited and therefore not enough for him.(he was getting tired of that and silently spoke a deal which settled for greatness in return for his potential soul, seeing as how his soul wasn't proving to be such a hot item) His soul, however, refused to go.

All these things blended into such equality at a time distance-these great-nesses and nonsenses, that he often said aloud, "All is gray and medium and if I think it's great or lousy then it's just me going crazy every moment of my life." (Then right after he would say that he would be sane if he were dead but, as he still lived, it might be a good idea to accept going crazy every moment of his life.)

Anything he said aloud made him sick because it stood there in the air with his name on it and was finished. They quoted him in private and gave him no chance to add, not so much the words surrounding his words, but the gases. So, in public, he mistrusted even his own taste. Sometimes, however, he would walk alone and hear in front of his eyes a piece of music from a record that he loved and the notes would whirl close to his head and through his body until he would look up and see that he was stood in the middle of the street, holding his breath. He felt irrevocably tied to music. The thought of music made his body resonate and hum.

He somehow extricated himself and took a walk in a forest he didn't know. It had taken him until winter. He walked a whole day, sometimes emerging from the edges. He would turn back and reenter the trees. It became night and through his closed eyes he could feel that the light had become brighter because it had started to snow. It snowed down onto him-he could quietly feel it, his face upturned as he walked. He opened his eyes and a wonder rushed in-he could not count fast enough the changing colours of the face of the sky and the funny depth given to them by moving snow a mile high. He stood still and held the light of the forest around his body and felt the smallest sounds on his skin-a music which he would always remember. The light in the air increased to a foggy dullness like beside the sea.

He sat with his back against a tree and spoke to himself and joked with himself how all the extremes he agreed were middle. And now, sitting here, a simple thing-a simple meteorological thing like the turning of the earth was placing itself in a position of beauty which he he knew his hungry mind would later be unable to destroy. He felt himself becoming simple and full.

-this happens to everybody it will be gone tomorrow.



-no, it will not.  
-you are not unique  
-No. It doesn't matter. Anyway I am.  
-why-what do you think you've learned?  
-I've learned nothing except that I'm  
sitting here and you can see I have no  
words, that I can;t speak.

- Andrew Cowan

**subscribe!**  
**\$2 yearly**  
**pop-see-cul**  
**4129**  
**blvd.**  
**maisonneuve**  
**apt.5**  
**montreal**

In this world so saturated with wretchedness and despair  
What does one do when not hoping, creating, or waiting?

Maybe one watches swans glide past pebbles  
knows that mothers still offer full breasts to infants  
hears music touched with the sorrow of happiness  
sees men in fields of grain, baring strong chests unafraid of the  
sun.

I do not know.

Maybe one knits

each stitch soaked in a tear or a smile

at the end as ignorant as in the beginning; but changed.

So, does it all matter?

as much as the kiss of lovers

soon forgotten as the bodies meet

this soon forgotten in the wake of war.

Forgotten but never not remembered.

And all hate and love cherished

as with the dying willow.

- Kay Brainin



---

# Through No Other Door

The bell rang. Five minutes. The magician knew the sound. Automatically he closed his box of tricks, rolled his eyes toward the ceiling and hoped everything was in order. He was still without his starched collar and the bow-tie that he had permanently attached to it. The bow-tie was a story he could tell you at a moment's notice. It had proved to be a cumbersome item since he acquired it twenty-seven years previous. His third performance. Before many a show he was in a state of nerves as to the tie's final outcome. Was it to stay in place? Would it slip off in the middle of a trick? (Such things were known to have happened.) Would it dangle between his chin and chest - crooked - throughout the complete show, him totally unaware, his audience knowing but not saying, he finding out afterwards as he would look into his mirror, see it lopsided and want to shoot himself right there on the spot. He would walk on sweating. One day, however, he purchased a strong fixative and glued the tie to the collar. So much glue did he spread between the tie and collar that it resembled a grey plastic sculpture that constantly needed dusting. No matter, though; it held in place, and no one in the audience was in a position

to notice.

The magician was waiting for an on-stage voice that would announce, "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! Hold tight in your SEATS ..." He wrote that introduction a long time ago because he could not stand the thought of the announcer saying something unfamiliar. It would put him off. He had to be right. And, he reasoned, there was a certain aesthetic appeal about the introduction being repeated verbatim time and time again. Drama and suspense were constantly being played out. At times he enjoyed this idea.

He felt the lock of the starched collar as it fitted against his shirt button. He gave the bow-tie a gentle tug to make sure it was there. He drew the famous black box that contained well over a hundred tricks and a collapsible stand near to his side. He took the top half of his tuxedo and put it on, pulling the back tails down so the shoulders fitted securely. (The nylon threads hidden in the coat's interior felt good. The cards were in place. The tiny elaborate system was ready to go. Someone had once remarked to him that he reminded him of a marionette whose heart pulled the strings. He chuckled at that statement - he was filled with alcohol at the time - but



later he cried.)

Now. He waited.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!" It was time to go. He grabbed the handle of the box, donned his top hat and opened the dressing room door. He locked it shut. Once a thief had broken in and stolen some valuables. "Here he is.... the Eighth Wonder of the World...." He stood briefly at the edge of the curtain until the announcer had finished, said thank you when he huffed off the stage and walked on as the applause was approaching its peak. On his way to centre stage he pulled four eggs from his ear and tossed two into the orchestra pit and two behind his shoulder. The audience laughed in merriment, it was to be a good evening. A surprising amount of grown-ups had turned up to watch him- he did after all have a reputation as a sophisticated magician- and with them they dragged along equal numbers of children. Ah, those lovely children, God Bless Them All. He remembered then, as he pulled the joker out of his mouth- a trick that was always received with a hail of approval- that he used to love them, yes, God Bless 'Em All was a sincere wish, but now, after seeing them grow up in front of his very eyes, the sentiment was somewhat palled.

The magician took out his two melmac plates and twirled them on the tops of thin bamboo rods, then took his hands away from the rods, giving the impression that they were suspended in mid-air. The audience registered neither awe nor surprise. There must be wires, it confided to itself. The magician then passed his hands over and under the rods. See, no wires, the expression on his face indicated. The people gasped and applauded ferociously.

When he tipped his hat pigeons fluttered out, when he tapped his heel, smoke drifted from his toe, when he blew a whistle, a deck of cards caterpillared along his back and over his

shoulder. His routines were being well enacted. Like a weightlifter, he distributed just enough tension here, the right amount of bravura there. He had been doing it for years. Then.... another surprise. "And now ladies and gentlemen, a slight departure. One moment please."

He walked off the stage, which by now was littered with cards, feathers, handkerchiefs, hoops, rings, a cloak, wands, daggers, a miniature plastic lady, broken eggs, ping pong balls, and other accessories. He climbed up the catwalk ladder to where the bright lights were situated, high above the orchestra pit. He clambered onto a platform and looked out. "All righ-." He choked and the pitch of his voice slipped upward. He cleared his throat. He was breathing heavily and perspiration dripped out of his top hat, down his cheeks, smudging his make-up. "ALL RIGHT! NOW HEAR THIS!" He choked again. His face was red. His eyeballs were swimming in sweat.

"There is no magic!"

No one said a word. He tried again.

"It's all arranged! There-is-no-magic! It's all arranged, you hear that?"

Again silence. He trembled. Dizziness began to creep into his head. He swayed slightly, like a tree about to fall, but grabbed hold of himself and remained perfectly still for a few seconds. Then he blurted out-

"STOP ME!"

The plea echoed loudly throughout the hall, and for the first time the magician noticed something was wrong. He lurched forward, his head tipping towards the audience. Except- there was no audience. Not a soul. Just brown seats, each one painted with a reflection of the lights above. He gazed at the empty theatre, at first not believing what he was seeing, then swallowing the realization and finally digesting it.

His face was white. He shivered. It was cold. "There is no magic", he stated quietly, hoarsely.

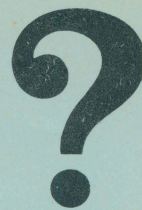
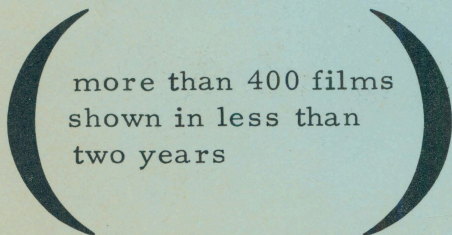


# verdi

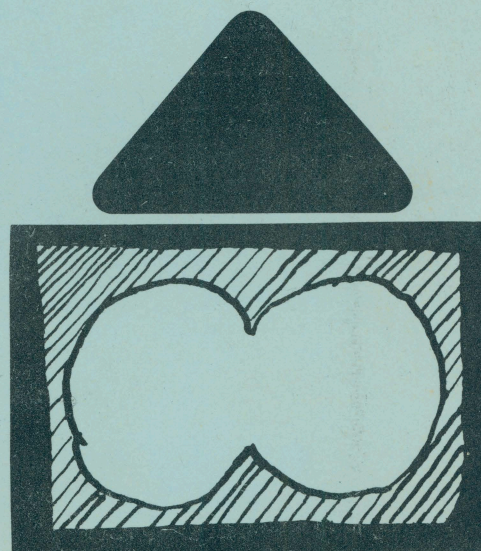
all the  
best  
films  
in  
one  
cinema

# verdi

more than 400 films  
shown in less than  
two years



Seems they're missing out on a lot of things.

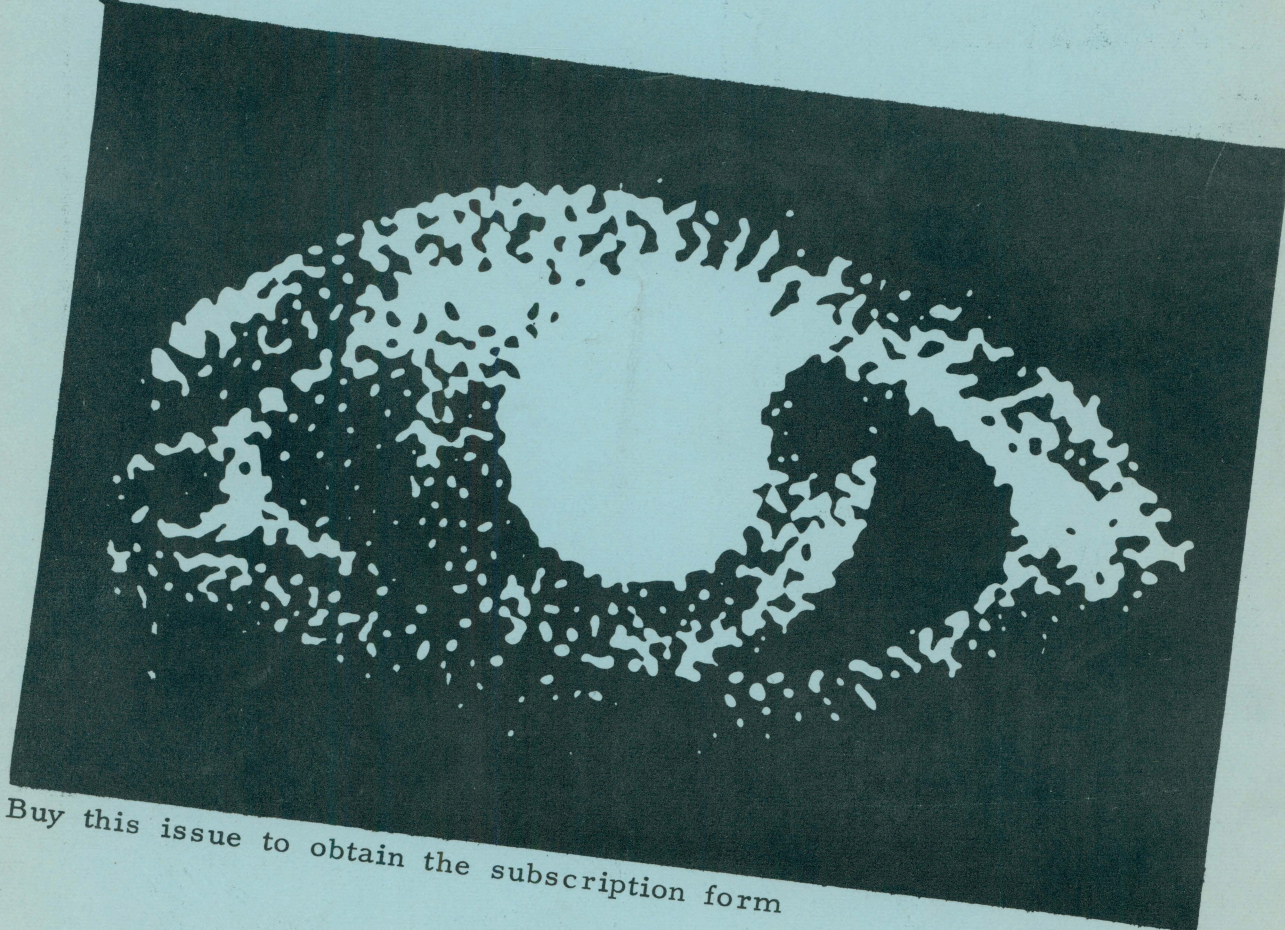


## LE CHÂTEAU

1310 ouest, rue Ste-Catherine,  
Montréal 25, Qué.



**TAKE ONE**



Buy this issue to obtain the subscription form

TAKE ONE  
Box 1778 Station B  
Montreal 2 Quebec Canada  
The Canadian Film Magazine